

THE TALE OF THE KALENDAR PRINCE

An expectant hush settled upon the tribesman Scheherazade, most famous story-teller of the Baskum, stood in the moonlight between the palm trees, and began her tale. Two years ago, in the city of Baghdad, died the Sultan Salehin. Grieved of the loneliness of women, he would so put to death each of his wives after the first night. In time his voracious gaze fell upon beautiful Arabe, a princess of the Kalendar province. His soldiers came silently in the night, and by dawn they and their helmsless capes were far away. The fate of the winds of Salehin was known throughout Arabia, and greatly was he loathed by the people of the land. Blasphemy was the awesome might of his armies, that no one dared oppose him, even in thought. None that is, save Imperial, eldest prince of Kalendar, who set out on the trail of his beloved sister with vengeance in his heart. His quest began aboard Sindbad's ship, sailing the Red Sea. Despite the many hazards of the long ocean voyage, Imrahl safely came ashore at the delta of the river Abri. Aboard a simple raft, he followed the river upstream until the waters swept him into a great cavern deep in the bowels of the Earth. Here he fought with the bewitched warriors of Al-Khemir, too dreadful even to imagine. Escaping from the cavern, on a flying carpet stolen from the blind weaver Al-Amurru, Imrahl fought his way through the slaves, across the burning desert - to Baghdad! Dodging the guards at the city gates, Imrahl ran along the high walls to the gardens of the Sultan's Palace. He climbed swiftly up the tallest tree in the garden and jumped through a window into the palace. He fought past the guards, and reached the bathhouse, where Arabe was being held by the Sultan. Swiftly they leapt together onto the carpet, and rose high above the towers of Baghdad.